

Spartan Crisis

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Category: Halo

Genre: Adventure, Sci-Fi

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2005-10-13 05:14:06

Updated: 2005-10-13 05:14:06

Packaged: 2016-04-27 00:19:53

Rating: T

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,234

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Charlie is a young boy who is recruited to become a spartan by Dr. Hasley. He goes to Eridanus and becomes one. His first assignment: to crack down on protesters of the SPARTAN project who have gotten their hands on an itellagance report about it and the

Spartan Crisis

Prologue

****A/N:** I know, the beginning sounds like The Fall of Reach, but that was actually my inspiration and I obviously don't own Doctor Hasley.**

****Chapter1****

****0945 hours September 19, 2521****

****US Military Base, Harare, Zimbabwe****

To anyone watching Dr. Moreno observing the surveillance of J. Morton Elementary School playground, their first observation of her would describe her as almost brainwashed; she didn't blink and didn't show any emotion, all you could tell was that she was deeply fascinated and extremely focused. Despite the fact that she was working on this project strictly under orders and wasn't too crazy about it, she was known to take a simple task and turn it into a masterpiece. J. Morton Elementary was a school on a military base in Zimbabwe so all the children were army brats making this job somewhat easier.

But this was no simple task.

She had to hand-pick 75 young boys and girls and breed them into the "UNSC's finest". It would take about ten years of putting young children who still believe in the tooth fairy through boot camp training that would even exhaust an Olympian. And all because she had

a two-year stint in the Army as a nurse and toured Jupiter during the short-lived insurgent conflict fifteen years ago. They must be pretty goddamn desperate!

She carefully eyed a young boy who had two classmates standing at attention. The boy was in gym shorts and a t-shirt that said _Harare Military Base_. The boys playing with him also wore gym shorts but had tank tops instead

He was barking like a drill sergeant. "If you want to be among the finest, you've got to go through calisthenics like all the others. You don't think General MacArthur ran ten miles a day when he was a solider? Think again, cadet!"

Finally one of the "cadets" at attention finally stood up to the boy. "That was over 450 years ago, Charlie!" He retorted. "My dad didn't do that much when _he _was in the UNSC and he fought against the insurgentsâ€"

"Correction!" Charlie cut in. "Your father, cadet, was a mechanic, _my_ father shot down those peons and had eighty-one confirmed kills as a deep space sniper."

The "cadet" scoffed. "Again with the deep space sniper baloney, it's garbage my dad has never heard of it!"

"Itâ€|it was a failed project, that's why!" Charlie desperately called back.

The boy shook his head and started walking away. "C'mon Bobby," the boy said to the other classmate, "Let's play grav-ball."

Charlie frowned and started fiddling with some rocks and dirt.

"Should I engage, doctor?" Lieutenant Jacov Rosenberg called over in his intercom in a thick Israeli accent. Lieutenant Rosenberg was acting as a substitute teacher to scout out "subjects" for the project. By engage he meant talk to the boy and seem like any other teacher on yard duty: ask him what's wrong and just plain conversation and then pave the way to introduce Charlie to the new project and a free "school" where he would meet children "like him".

"Sure," Dr. Moreno said plainly.

The surveillance was being monitored from a tiny camera inside a fountain pen in Lieutenant Rosenberg's pocket. Despite the fact that the camera was moving, it stayed perfectly focused.

"Hey there, champ," Rosenberg started casually. All Charlie did was raise his head in acknowledgement. "You look interested in the military; do you see yourself making it a career out of it?"

"Oh yeah," Charlie said suddenly as if he was just asked if he would like a million dollars, "I'm gonna be the best general ever!"

Rosenberg grinned "I like your enthusiasm, you should come to this school I know about, you'd meet tons of kids like you."

Every word chimed in Doctor Moreno's ears who was at least a half-mile away in a cramped office.

"Well," Charlie started reluctantly, "I'd love to go, but my mom is always worried I might be too aggressive that's why she won't let me play too many sports."

Rosenberg gave another ear-to-ear grin. "Well that's taken care of. Your parents, teachers, and even your principal knows, come with me."

Charlie followed and started to feel a major change: he was leaving the dull gray prison that had nothing to do with what he was interested in, he was leaving to do what he wants to do. He felt like walking on to a red carpet to his dream. Dr. Moreno felt almost exactly the opposite, she felt she was sending this young boy to another prison where breakfast consisted of a million year-old trash, she felt like she was putting him through an Army draft at six, it was a great big old crappy feeling. But she had a thorough belief in optimism and quickly snapped out of a depressing rant.

She got up and met her fellow colleague and friend Dr. Hasley. They both had the same ideas and feelings about this project.

"Did you get Charlie?" Dr. Hasley asked.

Dr. Moreno let out a big unsatisfied sigh. "He's more than pleased to go unfortunately," she mumbled. "Don't forget optimism you dummy," she thought to herself.

"It's this or being taken over by the damn covenant," a male voice came from above. Major Parke, he was their liaison officer.

His tall, fit, and dark physique seem to float down the stairs towards the two doctors. He was the pretty much the stud on the base to the female occupants. Dr. Hasley seemed to snap out of it, the relationship, if any, with Major Parke was strictly professional to her. Dr. Moreno was, however, still entranced. She was the definitely the young gun of the two doctors, so some habits caught up with her.

"I know you two don't like the idea of prying young ones away from their mothers, but it's the last resort," he said. To any male observer, it would look painfully corny, yet woman would go head over heels.

"Right Major," Dr. Moreno seemed to slur her words like a suspect at a sobriety checkpoint.

Major Parke walked off. There was a sick feeling in Dr. Hasley's stomach that the major enjoyed this, being fawned over by middle-aged doctors.

"You know, Moreno," Dr. Hasley started, "you ought to stop you both might end up in trouble. Have you forgotten that we're sending these kids to a "school" for ten years just to fight and die in the process?"

"No it's just we should keep our minds on other things so we don't

practically commit suicide thinking about it," Dr. Moreno retorted optimistically, "like hot colonels."

Dr. Hasley sighed. "He's a major!" Despite the fact she liked working with someone somewhat younger she didn't want Dr. Moreno to slip, mess up, and eventually drain a career with potential. She was right about the optimism, but this was a serious, important job.

They were structuring a monster plan by making these innocent kids, ruthless SPARTANS.

Like it? Review and tell me if you liked it. Give some constructive advice if necessary (for those confused on how Jacov is pronounced, the _j_ makes a _y_ sound),

End
file.